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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

By JOHN E. CANN (L.S.O.)

Brilliantly the embers are blazing!

Round the board soft eyes are gazing!

Sparkling and radiant as wine,

Faces long pale now are beaming.

With laughter and loving delight,

Clouds long unbroken are gleaming.

With flashes of moonlight to-night,

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Merrillies ding the wild chime;

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Hurrah for the brave Christmas time!

Silent the mill-wheel of labor,

Silent the office and mart—

The soldier has sheathed his sword,

The student is merry at heart.

Over the snow-mantled heather,

Cottages mantle with light,

While we sit toasting together

The pleasures and hopes of the night.

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Merrillies ding the wild chime;

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Hurrah for the brave Christmas time!

Here's to the brave men of Ireland,

At home, or in exile away;

Here's to the hopes of our Ireland,

That never will rust in decay.

To every brave, down-trodden nation,

Here's Liberty, glorious and bright;

But oh! let our country's salvation

Be bestowed the warmest of night!

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Merrillies ding the wild chime;

Ceal mille failte, old Christmas!

Hurrah for the brave Christmas time!

BY MISS M. A. BARRY.

To the faithful are thronging

The youthful and the old,

Their beauty seeming brighter

In fashion's rich array;

And music soft resounding

Our ravished ears to greet;

And words of sweetest welcome

To all who come to meet.

But while joy around is beaming

And all seems glad and bright

Oh! sure we will remember

Our absent friends to-night.

Orphans' Fair at Union Hall.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the fair for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum was very poorly attended in the early part of the week. However, within the past few days there has been a better attendance, and it is to be hoped that the orphans will not be forgotten during the coming Christmas season, as the remembrance of their unhappy condition must appeal to every true Christian. The noble ladies who have devoted themselves to so holy an object as the care of the "little ones" call on us for that aid which is so much needed. Every person can afford to give something towards so charitable and Christian a purpose. Saturday being the last day of the fair we hope that the attendance on that occasion will make up for the shortcomings of the previous days.

Our friends, O'Brien and Lydon, have opened at No. 133 Third Street, where the best Wines and Liquors can be obtained for the Christmas Holidays.

## THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.

The great Home Rule Conference, which has been looked forward to with such an amount of lively interest, met on Tuesday, November 18. The assembly presented all the appearance of a representative and deliberative body, organized for the purpose of considering matters of supreme moment to the country. Every district in Ireland sent a delegate, who, although not nominally characterized as such, was really the exponent of the opinions of the people of that district in so far as the question of domestic legislation is concerned. On no occasion of recent years was the historic Round Room of the Rotundo filled with such an eminently influential gathering. The Irish Members of Parliament attended in fair numbers, and the clergy and farming classes were well represented.

The Conference lasted four days ending Friday November 21.

On the motion of M. George Bryan, M. P., seconded by Mr. Charles French, the chair was taken by Mr. Wm. Shaw, M. P.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Lavelle, seconded by Mr. L. Waldron, the following gentlemen were appointed Hon. Secretaries: John O. Blunden, Philip Callan, M. P., W. J. O'Neill, Daut, E. R. King-Harman and Alfred Webb.

Captain King-Harman read the requisition convening the Conference, which was as follows:—

We, the undersigned, feel bound to declare our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom, that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country; and that it is desirable that Irishmen should unite to obtain that restoration upon the following principles:—

To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the Sovereign, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland.

To secure for that Parliament, under a Federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion to the Empire at large.

To obtain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the Constitution.

And we hereby invite a Conference, to be held at such time and place as may be found generally most convenient, of all those favorable to the above principles, to consider the best and most expedient means of carrying them into practical effect.

Captain King-Harman stated that the requisition had been signed by over 24,000 names.

The following are the resolutions which were submitted to the Conference and finally passed.

1. That, as the basis of the proceedings of this Conference, we declare our conviction that it is essentially necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country.

2. That, solemnly reasserting the inalienable right of the Irish people to self-government, we declare that the time in our opinion has come when a combined and energetic effort should be made to obtain the restoration of that right.

3. That, in accordance with the ancient and constitutional rights of the Irish nation, we claim the privilege of managing our own affairs by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, and composed of the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons of Ireland.

4. That, in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the Crown; the relations of the Empire with Foreign States and all matters appertaining to the defense and stability of the Empire at large, as well as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes.

5. That, such an arrangement does not involve any change in the existing constitution of the Imperial Parliament, or any interference with the prerogatives of the Crown or disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

6. That, to secure to the Irish people the advantages of constitutional government, it is essential that there should be in Ireland an administration for Irish affairs, controlled, according to constitutional principles, by the Irish Parliament, and conducted by Ministers constitutionally responsible to that Parliament.

7. That, in the opinion of this Conference a Federal arrangement, based upon these principles

would consolidate the strength and maintain the integrity of the Empire, and add to the dignity and power of the Imperial Crown.

8. That while we believe that in an Irish Parliament the rights and liberties of all classes of our countrymen would find their best and surest protection, we are willing that there should be incorporated in the Federal Constitution articles supplying the amplest guarantees that no change shall be made by that Parliament, in the present settlement of property in Ireland, and that no legislation shall be adopted to establish any religious ascendancy in Ireland or to subject any person to disabilities on account of his religious opinions.

9. That in order to carry these objects into practical effect, an association be now formed to be called "The Irish Home Rule League," of which the essential and fundamental principles shall be those declared in the resolutions adopted at this Conference, and of which the object, and only object shall be to obtain for Ireland by peaceful and constitutional means, the self-government claimed in these resolutions.

10. That the annual subscription of each member of the Irish Home Rule League shall be £1, and that steps be also taken to enroll the great mass of the people in the League.

11. That the Irish Home Rule League be now constituted:—1st, Of all existing members of the Home Government Association who may desire to be members of the League; and 2nd, Of persons who may be recommended by the Home Government Association to be considered as subscribers paid to the League.

2d. Of all persons present who may now enroll their names with the Honorary Secretaries, and pay a subscription of £1 3d. Of all persons who have signed the requisition, and who may enroll their names and pay their subscription on or before the 1st of December.

admission of members thereafter to be regulated by the rules.

12. That a committee of fifteen be appointed to prepare rules and by-laws for the regulation of the League.

13. That such rules be submitted to a private meeting of the League, to be held in this building on the 2d of December, and that such meeting do then proceed to settle these rules, and that the officers of the League be elected at such meeting, or some adjournment thereof.

14. (1)—That, in addition to the ordinary resolutions of the League, it is essential to raise a large Special Fund for the purpose of promoting the organization and success of the League; and (2)—That such fund be raised in the following manner, whose sanction shall be required to its expenditure by the Council of the League:—

Archbishop of Tuam, Rev. J. A. Galbraith, Most Rev. Dr. McEvoy, E. T. C. D., Hale, Mitchell Henry, M. P., Roland P. Blennerhassett, Bernard McAuliffe, sett, M. P., John Martin, M. P., Wm. J. O'Neill, Daut, Rev. T. Q. Shea, P. E., Keimel T. Digby, M. P., J. P. Bonny, M. P., P. McCabe, Esq., and J. P. Shaw, M. P., John Ferguson, Esq., L. Waldron, D. L., Alfred Webb.

(3) That sanction of the Trustees be given by a resolution, duly passed by a majority regulated in such manner as the Trustees, or majority of them, may by a general rule approve: (4) That whenever three vacancies shall have occurred in the number of Trustees, a special meeting of the League shall be convened for the purpose of filling them up.

We can only lay before our readers this week the speeches made by Rev. Isaac Nelson, of Belfast, the Rev. Father Lavelle, P. J. Smyth, and the closing remarks of Isaac Butt.

The Rev. Isaac Nelson, Belfast, on Wednesday addressed the meeting, and on coming forward he was cheered enthusiastically. He stated he was proud as an Irishman, and as an Irish Northern Presbyterian (great cheering) to be present at such a meeting of his countrymen. He remembered when five Presbyterians of Belfast, standing on the Cave Hill, clutched hands together, and vowed before heaven to devote their lives to their country's freedom (loud cheering). Who feared to speak of '98? (renewed cheering). Those men were unsuccessful; but lightly might the green turf lie upon their ashes, and "when coward's mock the patriot's fate, who hangs his head for shame?" (cheering). He was sorry to know from the reading of his country's history that her condition was this—English intellect and English gold had been employed to demoralize the people, to degrade them, to buy them, and to sell them.

If he put the stethoscope to the breast of the Irish nation, he found that the pulsations of its heart were what they had always been—"for Ireland's freedom (cheering). There were 105 Irish members of the House of Commons—honorable and learned men—and he wished to know were those gentlemen present at that meeting to consider the condition of Ireland? (Cries of "No, no!" and cheering).

A Voice—There are 25.

Rev. Mr. Nelson went on to say he thought it strange that when they met to interchange their opinions and to express their ideas, so few of those men who loomed so largely at the hustings, were there to ask them what they wanted and to assist them (cheering). He would now be satisfied to return to the impatient people of Belfast, and he was sure that it was a privilege to be gratified with perhaps that if they had acted with a little wisdom they would have butted with them. He was no holiday talker, nor was he there to win laurels from the

Home Rule Conference. He was there to do his duty to the people amongst whom God had placed him.

Mr. Nelson humorously compared the expressions of many members of Parliament with the utterances of the Delphic oracle, and said he was a Home Ruler because he was a student and read his country's history. They should agree on the question of the restoration of the Irish Parliament—of the Old House at Home. He might tell them that no man could now stand up on the hustings in Ulster and give them a Delphic oracle answer; and he himself sometimes knew what a man means as much from what he does not say as from what he does.

There was such a thing as "amphibology," and that he would say to The O'Connor Don that he had left the most important part unsaid (hear, hear). They had given to themselves the idea that the old Parliament was to be restored, and they were going to consent that it should be restored on a Federal arrangement (applause). He had the fullest confidence in his Catholic fellow-countrymen (cheers). He knew them and loved them. When he grasped the hand of the great Prelate of the West how did he receive him—that big heart in the big frame? He grasped him by the hand with the feeling that he was a brother Irishman, and gave him home, with a sentence written in it with his own hand, a copy of the Word of the Living God, written in Irish (cheers). The doctrine which he would there preach, as a Christian minister, was "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good-will to man. The reverend gentleman concluded by telling the 105 representatives of Ireland that they would have no change of again going in for Irish constituency unless they supported the demand for a restoration of our National Parliament (enthusiastic cheers).

The Rev. P. Lavelle, P. P., who was enthusiastically applauded, said he did not intend to make any lengthened speech, but he stood up to declare, what he often declared before, not as his adhesion to this great "national cause, but his undying faith and certain hope in its final triumph. He added, moreover, that these were not his own individual sentiments and convictions, but, as his colleague in the same vineyard, Dean McManus, had said that day, that the high hills of Connemara echoed the voice of Ireland in demanding liberation; so he declared that the voice of the wild plains of Conamara said that Ireland must be free. He wished to say a few words on one point, namely, the idea some might entertain that, under a free and independent Parliament Catholics would seek to rule in ascendancy. Now he knew the sentiments of the Irish priests. He believed that were the Catholic laity so mean and so base as to submit to dictation of that kind, there was no Catholic Bishop who would tolerate it, not a Catholic priest who would tolerate it, and the whole Catholic sanctuary would turn out and say "no." Ascendancy had had its day, the sun of that day is set, and will never rise again in Ireland. He sat some years ago at the side of the unrepentable John Martin; the sentiment he uttered then he would now repeat: "That he would rather have 105 honest Irish Protestants gentlemen making laws for Ireland in Ireland, than 5,000 English Catholics in England." It was his conviction that that is the sentiment of ninety-nine out of every one hundred priests in Ireland.

Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P., said he would not have risen at all except that he wished to keep his personal character and his public one, to which he attached great importance, clear before the country. In signing the requisition there was he hoped, generosity and fair play enough in the country not to hold it as precluding him from entertaining opinions which he had held throughout his public life. He trusted that the fact of putting his name to the requisition—which he did under protest, as Mr. Butt was aware, because it was not a programme he would not have framed—he trusted that that act would have been a simple matter of course. He, like Mr. Martin, was a simple repealer, but he did not think it necessary to enter there into that question. If it be the feeling of his countrymen and from the expression of that Conference he took it to be—that Federalism was the right thing, was the way to win, he could only say, as an Irishman, he believed it to be an act of patriotic duty and of public virtue to say that he went with him. At the same time, while he abstained from any discussion of that kind, at that time, he hoped he would get credit for all sincerity in avowing his conviction that Repeal of the Union was the only logical ground upon which the nation could stand. If they adopted another ground in the direction of nationality he would go with them, and he hoped it would succeed.

Mr. Butt moved the adjournment of the Conference, and said: I have looked forward to this Conference with anxiety. We have passed through four days that have been a crisis in the destinies of Ireland, and never were four days more gloriously passed by a nation that was put upon its trial, and as I ventured to open this Conference with the earnest prayer that the Being who has watched over the Irish race might guide our deliberations in wisdom, I may now express my earnest and sincere belief that the God of our forefathers has watched over us, that His blessing is on us this day, and that we have been guided in this Conference in wisdom and moderation exceeding the expectations of our best friends, and have disappointed many of our malignant prophecies and expectations; may more, that would have done honor to the prestige of an ancient Roman Senate, without one incident to mar the unimpaired dignity of our cause—with the truest unanimity of opinion,

but the expression of it as free as air, not one word that any man regrets, not one incident that any man would wish to see blotted from this great record of Irish regeneration. I say I believe that the God who has guided and blessed us will guide and bless the efforts that originated with this Conference until they terminate in the liberation of our ancient land.

Mr. Martin, M. P., seconded the motion of adjournment, and the Conference terminated its eventful sitting.

IRISH NEWS.

THE IRISH AT WATERLOO.

The following hold nominations in the Waterloo Cup for February, 1874: Mr. O. F. Wise, Mr. S. Swinburne, Mr. W. H. Massey, Mr. W. J. Dunbar, Mr. R. M. Douglas, Mr. T. Caulfield and Mr. Alexander.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

At the forthrightly meeting of the Foresters' Court, 'Maid of Catherlough,' held in the Foresters' Hall, 'Browne street, Carlisle, Past Chief Ranger Gregory-Shiels was presented with an address and presentation of a very handsome silver medal, the order for courteous bearing and strict impartiality during the term of office as Chief Ranger.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION IN THE COUNTY DUBLIN.

On Thursday last, 20th inst., the Draperstown Royal Irish Constabulary, consisting of Constable Shannon, with sub-Constables Kirby, Brennan and Loughran, proceeded on revenue duty to the mountains in the neighborhood of Cloan. After an arduous and toilsome search through dingles and ravines, they succeeded in coming upon a miniature distillery, from which the smugglers must have recently fled, warned, it is presumed, of the approach of the Royal Irish. In the still-house, in which the fire was still burning, they found a still, &c., some barrels together with several gallons of the "Real mountain dew," which the smugglers, in their precipitate flight, left behind. Constable Shannon and party evince great zeal in the suppression of illicit distillation in this district.

At the meeting of the Cork Sanitary Association, Mr. Parker called attention to the fact that a great deal of disease was caused by the overcrowding and uncleanness in tenement houses of which there is a large number in the city, and suggested that they might be brought within the definition of lodging houses, given in one of the Sanitary Acts, and so be placed under the control of the Corporation officials. The suggestion was considered a valuable one, and it was resolved to bring the matter under notice of the Corporation.

Complaints were made to the Limerick Town Council that during the past week the knucklers had been wrenched off the doors of several houses in the fashionable quarters of the town at a comparatively early hour of the night without any notice having been taken of the outrage by the watchmen who were supposed at the time to be on their beats. When questioned about the matter the latter protested that they had seen nothing of the perpetrators of the outrage, but one officer more vigilant than the rest declared that he heard them running away. The Council, with that tender consideration for the feelings of the force, which is at once so amiable in its origin and so mischievous in its effects, recommended the watchmen to be more vigilant.

On Tuesday, November 21, the Municipal Elections took place in the several Municipalities of Ireland and the civic ceremonial, as concluded everywhere in a peaceable and orderly manner. In Dublin there were but three contests. These occurred in the Exchange, South City, and Mountjoy Wards. The personnel of the Corporation has, however, not been altered by the result. In the Exchange Ward, Mr. Bolger, whose election was opposed by Sir William Carroll, replaces his brother, who has been a member of the Council for some time. In the South City Ward, Mr. Samuel Warren, whose re-election was opposed by Mr. Reid, has maintained his position; and in the Mountjoy Ward Mr. Keating defeated Mr. Bentley. These, we are glad to say, were the only contests. The elections, which were by ballot, passed off without the slightest commotion. A good deal of anxiety was attached to the result of the Municipal elections in Waterford, as the cry of excessive taxation had been raised with reference to the proposed water supply for the city. Those in favor of securing to the "Urbs Inviolata" the benefit of an abundant supply of wholesome water had, as usual, to fight the battle of progress. It will give pleasure to all having at heart the public health, to know that the good sense of the electors has strengthened the Corporation and will give them power to make a practical advance in the path of sanitary reform. In Wexford voting took place for three Wards. For the St. Iverine Ward the selections were Mr. J. J. Walsh, Alderman; Messrs. Messrs. Edward Walsh, of The People, and W. Simpson, Town Councillors. In St. Silvester's Mr. John Greene, Alderman; Messrs. John Hunter and David Paris, Councillors. And for St. Mary's Ward, Mr. Robert Shefford, Alderman; Messrs. J. P. Devereaux and Joseph W. Walsh, Councillors. In Cork the contests were remarkable from the fact in two Catholic Wards two Liberal Protestants were returned by large majorities; and in Belfast the results were a decided victory for the Conservatives.







# THE RISING OF '98.

With an Account of the Volunteers, French Alliances and Expeditions.

(Continued from our last number.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

ASSAULT ON ROSS—ASSAULT ON ARKLOW—TUMULTS IN ULSTER—AFFAIRS AT ANTRIM AND BALLYNAHINCH—BATTLE OF FOOK'S MILL—BATTLE OF VINEGAR-HILL—SUMMARY.

Of the numbers and losses at Ross, Cloney thus speaks: "The garrison, which consisted of about 2,000 men, of all arms, with several pieces of cannon, were opposed by not much more than 3,000 of our men, who were engaged after the first two hours in the morning. The loss on either side could never be accurately ascertained, but was supposed to have been about 300 killed on each side, and about 500 on each side wounded, including John Kelly, who was disabled early in the action. We lost a valuable officer in Mr. John Boxwell, of Sarshill, a Protestant gentleman of great respectability, high character, and undoubted courage."

Had the peasants of Wexford remained sober, and held Ross, a universal rising would have taken place, and the whole province of Munster would have been in arms. "For," says Musgrave, "it has been discovered that the inhabitants of most parts of that province were to have risen by a preconcerted plan, if that town had fallen into the hands of the rebels; and it was proved that messengers were on the point of being sent from Waterford by the treasurers of the United Irishmen to summon the people of the South to rise."

On the morning of the 9th of June, the Wexfordians, amounting, 'tis said to about 20,000, marched along from Gorey to Arklow; 5,000 were armed with guns, the rest with pikes, which gave them the appearance of a moving forest, and they were furnished with three pieces of artillery, but were deficient in gunpowder. Each company had a green flag or color, about two feet square, with a yellow harp in the Centre. Some, however, were party-colored, and equal in size to the king's colors. Their leaders were observed riding through the ranks, marshalling them and giving orders. After Walpole's defeat on the 4th of June, if the people had rushed forward, Arklow would have fallen into their power, as it was not capable of defence till the 9th, on which day Colonel Skerret arrived with 300 Durham Fencibles. These English mercenaries were conveyed to Arklow in carriages and cars, according to the French republican fashion, that they might arrive fresh at the scene of action. The garrison of Arklow consisted of 1600 men, commanded by General Needham. The Wexfordians having then assailed both sides of the town, a smart tussle ensued, and the assailants rushed several times within a few yards of the cannons' muzzles. General Needham after some time proposed retreating, but was opposed by Colonel Skerret, whose resolution on that occasion," says Gordon, "saved Arklow, and in my opinion the kingdom." Finally the fire slackened, the ammunition of the English king's army began to fail, that of the people was exhausted. At this period that true-blooded Irishman Father Michael Murphy, while leading on his men, shouting and waving in his hand a fine standard with a cross and "liberty or death" inscribed on it, fell by a cannon shot, which event spread dismay among his people, and turned the fortune of the day. About eight o'clock in the evening, just as the English king's army were going to retreat, the people retired unpursued from Arklow, having only lost, by Gordon's account, from 300 to 400 men.

Meantime the Protestants of the counties of Down and Antrim, in Ulster, began to stir themselves. The English foxes have asserted that the Ulster Protestants rose up, but on perceiving that the movement in the south was of a Popish nature, threw down their arms and retired in disgust. Why one would think that those English thought any legend good enough for an Irish Protestant to swallow. The tussle in the south began on the 23d of May, and was decided on the 21st of June, at Vinegar-hill. The Ulster men rose up on the 7th of June, a fortnight after the southerners, and their tussle was decided on the 13th of June, at Ballynahinch. So much for English lies and Irish Protestant credulity.

On the 7th of June a true-blooded Irishman, Henry McCracken, led on 500 men to attack Antrim, where a sharp scuffle ensued, but the garrison receiving reinforcements, the insurgents were at last defeated with the loss of 150 men. 'Tis hard to write it, but we must. The Lord O'Neill, the degenerate descendant of Nial the Grand, king of all Ireland, invader of Britain and Gaul, fell deservedly while fighting for the English conspirators against his brother Irishmen.

The Protestants of Down, electing Henry Munro (a true-blooded Irishman) for their leader, laid an ambush on the 9th of June for one Colonel Stapleton, who was marching through their country with some English mercenaries called York Fencibles, a lot of yeomen, and two pieces of cannon. The insurgents falling on those fellows killed or took sixty, including Mortimer, Vicar of Portaferry, who had volunteered to shed the blood of his brother Irishmen. After this victory the Downmen assembled at Ballynahinch on the 12th of June, to the number of about 4000, and General Nugent marching from Belfast, arrived at the same place with 1500 men. Two confident of success, Munro opposed the proposal of a night

attack, when the licentious and defenceless state of the English king's army offered an easy conquest.

Early on the 13th the conflict began; the Down men were at first victorious, but were finally defeated with a loss of 150 men, and the army lost about 40. Meantime an immense force concentrated in Wexford. On the 20th of June, Father Philip Roche, a true-blooded Irishman, attacked Brigadier-General Moore, who was at the head of 1500 men, with artillery. The action took place at Fook's mill, and the object of General Roche was to get at Ross, and seize the English supplies. From the nature of the ground, General Roche could not bring his pikemen into action, otherwise, he would have destroyed Moore's force. Roche, with only 650 gunmen, maintained the fight for four hours, and Moore was on the point of retreating, when he received a reinforcement of two regiments under Lord Dalhousie. Hearing of this, Roche having expended all his powder, fell back in good order, carrying with him five out of his six small cannon. These had been tied to cars with ropes, and one falling into a ditch, he left it there. Cloney says, "that Moore lost 200 killed and a great number wounded. The Wexfordians lost far less, and there were no prisoners taken at either side. This was the most honorable action in the whole war." "In the short space of three weeks," says Gordon, "an undisciplined and unorganized mob had arrived at some degree of military skill, and acquired much resolution in battle."

The final engagement which decided the conflict between the Wexford peasantry and the English government, took place at Vinegar-hill, near Enniscorthy, and about ten miles from Wexford town. In this engagement the peasantry had no powder, and General Roche's division was not up in time for the fight, but only arrived to cover the retreat of the Wexfordians. We have no account of the number killed and wounded at Vinegar-hill. The English list was wisely suppressed. Had the peasantry made night attacks, they must have succeeded. Such proposals were made to Munro at Ballynahinch, and Roche at Fook's mill, and over-ruled; the same occurred at Vinegar-hill. "On the summit of this hill," says an eminent writer, "the insurgents had collected the remains of their Wexford army; the number may be conjectured, from General Lake deciding that 20,000 regular troops were necessary for the attack. The peasantry had dug a slight ditch around a large extent of the base; they had a very few pieces of small half-disabled cannon, some swivels, and not above two thousand fire-arms of all descriptions, but their situation was desperate; and General Lake considered that two thousand fire-arms, in the hands of infuriated and courageous men, supported by multitude of pikemen, might be equal to ten times the number under any circumstances. A great many women mingled with their relatives, and fought with fury; several were found dead amongst the men, who had fallen in crowds by the bursting of shells."

"General Lake, at the break of day, disposed his attack in four columns, whilst his cavalry were prepared to do execution on the fugitives. One of the columns (whether by accident or design is strongly debated) did not arrive in time at its station, by which the insurgents were enabled to retreat to Wexford, through a country where they could not be pursued by cavalry or cannon. It was astonishing with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position; a stream of shells and grape was poured on the multitude; the leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by their cries, and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by shouts of defiance. General Lake's horse was shot, many officers wounded, some killed, and a few gentlemen became invisible during the heat of the battle. The troops advanced gradually but steadily up the hill; the peasantry kept up their fire, and maintained their ground, their cannon was nearly useless, their powder deficient, but they died fighting at their post. At length, enveloped in a torrent of fire, they broke, and sought their safety through the space that General Needham had left by the non-arrival of his column. They were partially charged by some cavalry, but with the little execution they retreated to Wexford, and that night occupied the town."

"The complete suppression of this short rebellion," says Mr. Newenham, "appears to have ultimately induced the necessity of employing more than 190,000 soldiers of different descriptions, including upwards of 16,021 belonging to the domestic disposable force of England." The number of peasants massacred in '98 is stated at 50,000, and 20,000 mercenaries fell beneath the arms of a virtuous and indignant people. The expense of getting up and subduing this rebellion of a month, which at no time extended beyond the tenth part of Ireland, was enormous; and is estimated (together with the cost of the Union) at twenty-one millions. As we said before, if we were all United Irishmen, no power on earth could stand against us; as it was, had the peasants of Wexford been sober, it was all up with the English."

Thus was that great English conspiracy against the Irish nation effected. The conspirators in 1793 stopped reform; they disbanded the Volunteers, opposed Catholic Emancipation, established despotism, drove the United Irishmen to attempt separation, massacred the people, bought the Irish parliament, and reduced Ireland to a degraded province.

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St. Mary's Temperance and Literary Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. J. Anderson, President.

Father Matthew Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday evening in Irish-American Hall. Henry Hall, President.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. J. B. Kelly, President; N. Winne, Secretary.

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Division No. 3—Meet third Tuesday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. H. Gallagher, President; P. D. Ryan, V. P.; E. Herrick, F. S.; J. Gallagher, R. S.; C. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4—Meet first and third Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. J. Butler, President; J. H. Gilmore, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; T. Flanagan, F. S.; P. Kendrick, T.

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St. Mary's Benevolent Society of St. Francis Parish meets first Sunday of each month in the basement of St. Francis Church. Officers—M. J. McGrath, President; T. McInerney, Vice President; William Higgins, Treasurer; J. J. Martin, Secretary.

We have started with the above as a beginning for what we intend to make a standing Directory for all the Irish Organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions, and to make the Directory full and satisfactory, we respectfully call on the Secretaries of the different Irish societies of the city and the State to forward us at once the names of their officers, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all notices of importance without charge.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character; it would give them the sense of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their masts, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is subject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."  
JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 26th, 1853.

## PEACE BETWEEN REPUBLICS.

However little may be our wish to enter into any controversy which may seem to be extrinsic to our dearest object, we nevertheless feel it to be our duty to enter a protest against a series of statements which are no better than malicious libels, and well calculated, emanating from the source they do, to misrepresent the Irish Race, by the usurpation of a name. We refer to some unwarrantable statements in a pseudo-Irish journal in reference to the questions at present pending between the United States and Spain, and duty impels us to enter a protest against such a warped and distorted view being obtruded in any place where it could be mistaken for an exposition of Irish sentiments.

In the struggle which is going on in Spain at the present day we recognize the vitality of the Republican principle so dear to every Irishman, and every freeman, winning its way against the worn out system of monarchy.

The difficulties under which our Statesmen have labored, in the adjustment of the very intricate questions of international law involved by the Cuban imbroglio, have been materially increased by the monotonous and unreasoning cry of a certain class of newspapers, who clamor so doggedly for war as to become annoying from their very persistency. Totally ignoring the possibility of an adjustment at once amicable and honorable, and utterly blind in their own case to the fallibility of human judgment, these organs, on more or less apparently explicable grounds, continue to peal forth their constant slogan, and bounding the people on to bloodshed, endeavor to persuade the world that they are merely embodying the popular wishes.

It appears reasonable that, while justice should be as sternly meted out to a nation as to an individual, some respect should be paid to the diviner attribute mercy, and that we should exhaust all other means at our command before, by a sweeping condemnation, we involve the innocent with the guilty.

America has looked with forbearance on the shortcomings of other nations ere this. Perhaps it was the natural affection of the offspring for the parent that palliated in her eyes the blind ferocity of England towards American citizens, when the Manchester martyrdom sent a chill of horror through the length and breadth of the land. Perhaps it was this perverted filial instinct; perhaps, "The jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels," but be the cause what it may, that act of civilized barbarism, beside which the recent Cuban atrocity sinks into insignificance, remains to this hour unatoned for and unrepented of. Yet should not Spain be entitled to as much of our forbearance as ever was England? Spite the violent outbreak of a soi-disant Catholic and Irish contemporary in its issue of last week, we think it should be. The periodical referred to, with a far deeper sense of the difficulties of Cuba than has ever evinced for the crying wrongs of the country whose nationality it professes, urges the government to desist from this "pandering to Spain," cries out for the extinction of that struggling Republic, and exults in flinging its little handful of filth at the monument of genius and liberty which Castelar has been at such pains to erect. It asserts that we have no concern in the well-being of Spain; what need we care if its "government be good, bad, or indifferent?" How shortsighted selfishness is! Must not the spread of Republicanism be of obvious advantage to the United States, the premier Republic of the world? A hint at the finer feelings of national honor would of course be lost on the obtuse sensibilities of our contemporary. Yet we can almost fancy the world turned backward four centuries; we can in imagination behold Christopher Columbus, dismayed with scouting from the English court, yet firm and persevering still in the consciousness of a noble purpose, presenting his apparently chimerical project for the assistance of the war-drained Spanish coffers. We can appreciate the marvellous faith of the resolution that impelled Isabella to pawn her jewels, and thereby furnish means to Columbus to pioneer for Europeans the way to these lands which we to-day inhabit. And breaking the thread of this old-world meditation comes the ingrate selfish snarl of our contemporary—"This desire of being lenient towards Spain is an unwarrantable departure from the traditional policy of the United States." As if peace, where war is unnecessary, were not the real policy of every state that ever has been, or ever will be. And it remains to be seen whether peace be still possible for this State or not. We will at least hope for our own sakes, and for the sake of a struggling sister Republic, that it may be so.

Throughout his entire rhapsody our contem-

porary indulges rather in bombast than in argument; and in his sole logical essay startles us a little by deducing, from premises which are only false, an inference which is both false and absurd. From the untrue statement that our national Fathers intended us to hold completely aloof from all transatlantic difficulties, he infers that a republic in Spain is a thing in which we have no interest, and proceeds to deduce, from the same premises, that forbearance would be detrimental to America at present. How our contemporary, sighing from the alleged injunction of neutrality laid on us by our Founders, arrives at the conclusion that we should declare war against Spain, is best known to himself, and we content ourselves with exposing the data of his logic, and leave sensible people to follow them to their issue. We would only contrast the conduct of Spain, with that of some other nations, notably England, during the years of the Rebellion, when our own existence trembled in the balance. Did Spain avail herself of the opening afforded by that internecine quarrel to aggrandize herself at our expense? Were there any Alabama fitted out at Spanish ports to cripple our commerce? Was not Spain almost the only European power which preserved a strict and friendly neutrality? Now is the time for our nation to evince her grateful memory of Spain's unvarying good feeling, from the time we threw off the British yoke, down to a very recent period. Let us not endeavor to overthrow a struggling republic, but rather lend a hand to place it on a firmer basis.

## CHRISTMAS!

We are now drawing close to the 1873rd anniversary of the accession of King Christmas, the only King whom we willingly acknowledge. The present is popularly a season for jocularity and enjoyment, for outstretching of friendly hands and outpouring of friendly toasts; it should also call for reflection and retrospect—

"Where are the fingers that long ago Hung up the holly and mistletoe?"

Where are all the warm hearts that once would have bent responsively to the toast, "Prosperity to Ireland?" Scattered, exiled, dead! We can still enroll among our dearest wishes for this festive season a deeply breathed aspiration for the success of that cause they all cherished so fondly in life, and for which many of them laid down their lives. We can enjoy our Christmas with a lighter conscience and as deep joy while we feel that we are marching hand-in-hand with the "Departed spirits of the mighty dead," whose memory ought "to cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite." We can all cherish the hope, may feed on the certainty, that some future Christmas day will see us sitting by an Irish hearth, and speaking of the days of servitude and exile as a thing of the past, even as we might relate the incidents of some ghastly dream which our awakened energy has cast off. This is a time for sadness and a time for hope. Sadness for the loss of those who can no longer share our bright anticipations; and hope for the fulfilment of those glorious aims which it was their pride to prosecute even in sadness. To the earnest laborers in our cause we hold out this hope as emblematic of the season, and to the Irish race, at home and abroad, we heartily wish

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

## THE ROTUNDO CONFERENCE.

The Irish press at present is wrapped up in the business and details of the Home Rule conference lately held in the Dublin Rotundo. Full length reports of the speeches, and descriptions of the entire *modus operandi*, give the subject a very exclusive prominence. Some of the papers involve themselves in the *lacededum* and *twinededum* mazes, by endeavoring to discriminate the fine drawn distinctions between Federalism and Home Rule. To us who regard both movements as means to an end, and not very expeditious means either, this prominence seems to be rather unduly rewarded, and to the exclusion of much that is of more practical national value. Allowing for a moment that Home Rule could be carried without expense and without opposition, which we know for a fact to be impossible, inasmuch as the English government will oppose the Home Rule movement as determined as if it were one truly national; but allowing, we say, that it could be thus carried, in what respect would the country be materially or permanently benefited thereby? We know by experience in what way the legislation of a body of landholders is likely to affect the fate of their dependant tenants. We have seen the Land Act, which Gladstone introduced with a flourish of trumpets as destined to prove a panacea for all Ireland's troubles, operate (where it did affect a change) only to grind the oppressed peasant still lower to the dust. We print an article this week from the "Dundalk Democrat" which well puts forward the deceit and trickery by which that act has been, not only ended, but converted into an instrument of torture. It is hopeless folly to expect justice for Ireland from an English parliament, it is as senseless to look for it in the legislation of those who are, many of them, now merely absentee spendthrifts, but who under the "regime" of Home Rule would return as authorized tyrants. Let the conference in the Rotundo proceed. It amuses the enemy, and may proceed as a by-play or interlude, to divert and occupy men's minds, till the curtain rises on the grand drama of Irish revolution; but let all true Nationalists remember, THAT IT IS ONLY BY THE SWORD THAT WE CAN SECURE OUR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE, AND THAT ALL OTHER MEANS RESORTED TO ARE ONLY A WASTE OF NATIONAL MIND AND STRENGTH.

Neither Whitney nor Chief Scannell can obtain any official recognition from the Auditor until the First Commissioner's trouble is over. It is expected to terminate about six months hence.

## THE TRUE NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

Last week occasion was taken to point out that men who were in the position, and possessed the ability, to give Irishmen a thorough political education based upon truth, invariably refrained from doing so. It is unnecessary to say anything of the motives which actuate such men to adopt this unmanly, unwise, and injurious policy; but it is intended to keep before the Irish public mind with an unflinching and persistent zeal the undeniable fact that leading Irish politicians have for years past, and as many regret, up to the present day shirked their duty in not giving their countrymen the benefit of this very thorough political education based upon that incomparable and much neglected doctrine of truth.

Of all the Irishmen who have flung themselves into the struggle for Irish independence in modern times, there were but four who ever really made the mental resolve to promulgate the doctrine of Irish nationality from an imperishable foundation such as the great principle, truth, can supply. The names of those men to whom allusion has been made were Davis, Duffy, Mitchell and Martin. Davis put his resolve in practice when he launched forth his ideas in prose and poetry in the columns of the "Nation," every line teeming with truthful instruction for his countrymen whom he truly served that they might raise their fallen country which he warmly loved. That paper exists, but in his time it was truly "ragy of the soil." Duffy says: "Ireland in '48 is a whining, prevaricating beggar, whom God made to be a generous rival of the European nations. The natural gifts of the people are debased, or overlaid by slavery. Happily, they are not quite lost, if they were, our battle would not be worth the winning! The prize would have gone beforehand. To make our people politically free, but bond slaves to some debasing social system like that which crowds the mines and factories of England with squalid victims, I would not strike a blow!"

This is how Duffy taught the creed to his countrymen. Then why not our Irish politicians teach the people from their high places the only political gospel that can eradicate the state of things which really exists to-day? Mitchell's mental resolve was taken when he would declare the true situation in Ireland in a court of law, and that he would compel the English government to place him there face to face with its empired subordinates for that purpose; and he kept his word. And last, though not least, Martin—honest John—likewise made his resolve, when, a few weeks after the transportation of his friend Mitchell, he stepped forward to the front to advocate the same principles. "To gain permission for the Irish people to care for their own lives, their own happiness and dignity; to abolish the political conditions which compel the classes of our people to hate and to murder each other, and which compel the Irish people to hate the very name of English; to end the reign of fraud, perjury, corruption and 'government' bribery, and to make law, order, and peace possible in Ireland, the Irish people takes its place among the combatants in the holy war now waging in this island against foreign tyranny. In conducting this, my weapons shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!"

This was how Martin, and those who were like him—whose labors were unsurpassed while they were performed well—who have been instrumental in propagating the true spirit of nationality, and taught the Irish people to know themselves what it really was that they had at stake, and how to obtain it. But how is it done to-day? Mr. Butt, in speaking of his corruption which carried the Union, told his audience in the Rotundo, Dublin, a short time ago that the bribe was not done "by Irish men." True. But he omitted to point out, and dwell upon, the fact that it was Irishmen who accepted the bribes. Perhaps it occurred to Mr. Butt that some one might be inquisitive enough to stand up and ask him, "And what guarantee will you give us if the moral principles of Irishmen remain unpurified for want of stringent instructions which such men as you should give—that the same thing will not occur again under similar circumstances?" It is hardly necessary to say, however, that this would be a kind of question which should be courted instead of shunned, in order that an explanatory answer might be given to enlighten public thought, and a remedy provided to meet the contingency suggested here by such a question.

Nine out of every ten of our countrymen have enough of that sentimental spirit of patriotism that would make them heartily love the cause of Irish nationality, and wish its success, and would make them wish to do something to help it; yet what a small percentage of them are fit for the work it would involve. It is one to test severely the stuff that men are made of. Any amount of fiery zeal and energy will get wasted out in a few years, and then give up in despair and disgust; because such great virtues did not, in a short effort, accomplish what so many men of great mould failed in will not give victory. No; the struggle which Irishmen were involved in to-day, to be successful, demands men who can truthfully say—"We set ourselves to this work with one aim only, and that is, that ours is a work that must be accomplished, sooner or later, in our life-time, or in the life-time of those who shall come after us, and we are determined to acquire ourselves of what we look upon as a most sacred duty, to which only a high sense of duty could compel us to devote ourselves, and to leave no stone unturned—to leave nothing undone, consistent with honor and conscience, to ensure the accomplishment of our work at the earliest possible day—in fact to look upon the work as something that was to be accomplished in years." With such men there could be no doubt of the ultimate success of our struggle for Irish independence.

But it is of very great importance to you, Irishmen, that you should well understand that this work of building up a shattered nation cannot be accomplished by vacillating, weak-souled, half-hearted men. Such a work demands sterner stuff than that, and if it be not forthwith given, then it would be but proving the enemies of our race to be right, in saying that we are not fit for freedom. If such be the case, the sooner we become contented slaves the better. But if, as it is to be hoped and trusted, you feel in yourselves the divine impulse that compels you to resolve on continuing the struggle, then it behooves you to look well and see what the work demands from you, and if you are prepared to do each of you, your part, let us endeavor to create a truly healthy national sentiment, and not allow ourselves to be eternally disgraced by the antics of rotten politicians.—*Tuam News.*

The Cabinet Makers' Protective Union have published their petition, for presentation to the Legislature, "against the pernicious system of employing the State Prison convicts."

## OBITUARY.

In Watonsville, December 14th, 1873, Jeremiah Donovan, aged 30 years, a native of Shillbreen, County Cork, Ireland.

That we, as well as all true Irish Nationalists, regret the early demise of JEREMIAH DONOVAN, expresses not in the least degree the deep and heart-felt sorrow with which we were filled when the announcement was flashed along the wires from his home in the country to San Francisco, that our noble friend and enthusiastic co-worker in the sacred cause of Irish Nationality was no more. No! That our hearts are weeping and in mourning, and not alone ours, but those of thousands of brave Irishmen are similarly affected, but too poorly expresses the tribulation of our souls. A good, pure, upright, high-minded, honorable Irish patriot, a most worthy co-laborer in the vineyard of Nationality with O'Donovan Rossa, has surrendered his pure spirit to the God of his fathers, to receive the reward of his many virtues, Christian as well as National. The funeral was the most imposing of any ever seen in Watonsville, and not the least interesting portion of it was the large number of members of the organization to which he belonged, from several parts of the State, wearing the usual badge of mourning, who were companions in the mournful cortege. Mr. Donovan died as he lived, a pure Christian, and an earnest and enthusiastic Nationalist—even at his last moments giving directions in regard to the National organization with which he was affiliated. We earnestly hope he has received the reward of his merits and sacrifices.

(From the correspondent of the Tuam News.)

## THE HOME RULE CONFERENCE.

DUBLIN, Thursday, Nov. 20.

Since, to my mind, the bare report of what has been said at the Home Rule Conference held this week in the Rotunda can convey but a slight idea of the assembly, I think it not useless or uninteresting to give a sketch of the proceedings and the men, in a free and easy epistolary style. I shall not speak then of the method of convening the Conference, nor of the names attached to the regulation; but I will give you my impressions—crude as they may be—of my visit to the Round Room on Tuesday. The Round Room is, as its name denotes, circular in form. It is what we, country-folks, would call a splendid room; and its imposing dimensions and uncommon construction were set off to the best advantage by the removal of the stage, which used to occupy no inconsiderable area of the room, and the absence of which restored in its simplicity the primitive grandeur of the whole apartment.

Well, when I entered the room on Tuesday, it was already three o'clock; in the afternoon, and the Conference had been sitting for three hours. At the moment, Mr. Butt was "on his legs," replying, as it seemed to me, rather warmly, to some portion of the speech of Mr. Murphy, M. P. for Cork. Every Irishman is by this time familiar, either through portrait or personal acquaintance, with the form and features of "The Father of the Home Rule." The massive head, the portly presence, instantly introduced to us the latter-day O'Connell. Would that the former opponent were now alive to witness the effect of his life upon one, the prototype of whom he is fittingly regarded! But let us look around while Mr. Butt, with hand characteristically Pickwickian, jauntily uplifting his coat-tail, speaks. The meeting is a circus of men. At the place corresponding with that formerly occupied by the stage, but far removed from the wall, sits the chairman, Mr. Shaw, M. P. for Bandon, in a crimson arm-chair resting on a small dais, covered likewise with crimson, a little table on which is spread a green cloth embroidered at the edge, being placed before him, his sensible matter-of-fact sort of face, with its no less sensible, of grey-whiskers almost appropriate to white, indicating his not inappropriate selection as the speaker of what may well be called an Irish Parliament. In his immediate vicinity may be recognised the gentlemanly though gaunt-looking Mr. O'Neill Dault, who bears the marks of a life of labor in Ireland's cause, and who also may now well look anxious at such a crisis of his country's fate. How bland and comfortable looking is the only member for Galway County, as he sits low down in his chair, his bright eye all the while intelligently marking what passes before him! Father Lavelle glitters in his brilliant blackness in the same arc of the semicircle, but who is that alongside the parish priest of Partry—I call him by the name under which he won his greenest laurels? It is the gentleman of whom a friend of mine said, "Look around and when your eye rests upon the most peculiar looking person present—that is The O'Gorman Mahon! Oh! shades of the Past! There is a hero of a hundred olden-battles come to bless with his presence the sittings of Ireland's National Assembly. How true does the Irish pulse beat all over the globe to the throbbings of the patriot heart at home! Here is this Veteran patriot from across two stormy though slender streaks of silver sea to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears the beginning of the accomplishment of those hopes of his which will end only with dissolution." The amiable features of Mr. Biggar of Belfast on the outskirts of the circle are not the least consoling to one who wishes the Conference well, while the presence of Mr. O'Connor Power, whose speech, just delivered, was the theme of laudation, was not unhappy for a famous college, nor was it prophetic of a want of thorough-goingness in the meeting. But the Right-center was not unrepresented; and indeed the calm and moderate character of the resolutions adopted point rather to a preponderance of this moderate party over the not less honest radicals of the Extreme Left. The acute and intelligent face of the O'Connor Don; the dark-haired Mr. Denis O'Connor, M. P., the rather babyish-looking young member for Roscommon; the polished elderly-looking Mr. Bryan, Major O'Reilly,

Mr. O'Reilly Dease, gave earnest that the fire of the ardent Mr. Ferguson of Glasgow and his not inconsiderable following would be checked and confined by the coolness of parliamentary experience and moderation.

But really there was no occasion for restraint. Every gentleman seemed only to be anxious to yield any peculiar opinion of his own to swell the general harmony.

The white-haired Mr. Murphy, M. P., manifested this readiness in his full acquiescence in Mr. Butt's correction; and the speech of the sapient and gentlemanly Mr. Kavanagh, M. P., threw all the necessary oil on a little tempest which only indicated the strength of the waters. The Rev. Mr. O'Malley, the readiness with which he dismissed his hobby at the courageous suggestion of the long-bearded King Harman, also set an example of self-sacrifice. The finest-looking man in the room, in parliament or out of it, I think is Mr. Keble Digby, M. P. He is young, tall and well proportioned; and with his carefully kept black moustache, waxed "a la militaire," and the imperial must be a formidable persuader amongst the parliamentaries of the boudoir. He speaks with an aristocratic drawl; but to the point, and enlists one's attention.

But I must not confine myself to the speakers of Tuesday, although time and space may forbid a verily lengthened letter. It was pleasant on yesterday evening to see how much at home was "Father" Isaac Nelson, the celebrated Presbyterian clergyman of the north, with his audience; and how deep at once his Presbyterianism and his Nationality. How the circle did become one waving forest of hats when he affirmed that he was "a Nationalist," because he was "a student." It was truly pleasing to see Father Quaid and his brethren hasten to congratulate the impetuous and scholarly Presbyterian who would yield his religion and his patriotism to no man. How noble were the few words of the patriot Martin—"honest John Martin"—and how many were the utterances of the trim and military-looking P. J. Smith, M. P. It was grand to see at once so much intellect, combined with so much modesty; but may I be excused if I confess that nothing which I have heard or seen for the last three days affected me as did the honorable mention and the overwhelming enthusiastic reception of the name of the Archbishop of Tuam. Oh! how the references of Mr. Butt and the Rev. Mr. Nelson to John MacHale in his own home did tell! Command me to that "charm of venerable names" for getting up a bona fide cheer. The assembly of decorous gentlemen—the trim and pragmatic-looking Mr. McCarthy Downing himself forgot his gravity; and first thawing into a snuff gradually caught the enthusiasm, and growing as wild as the nobodies mounted on chairs on the outside of the circle and the spectators—lady and gentleman—of the gallery almost surrounding the room, waved his hat with the most rampant of them.

On this morning the brief speech of Mr. O'Connor, of Sligo, elicited much applause, and in the afternoon Mr. Henry, by his calmness and logical perspicuity, covered himself with fresh glory. I presume that the conference will terminate with the week. If its proceedings to its end are marked with similar respectability of word and act to that which has hitherto marked it, it certainly will be the greatest event of the first 73 years of the Irish History of the Nineteenth Century.

## Amnesty for the Political Prisoners.

The imposing and significant demonstration of Sunday is another comment upon a text that we have often insisted on. That text is, apart from all considerations of a higher kind—on the grounds of the merest and lowest expediency—looked at from a merely English point of view—the continued detention of the political prisoners is a grievous error. Lenity towards political offenders is one of the most striking outcomes of modern civilization. It is now-a-days conceded on all sides as one of the soundest canons of political science that it is the duty of a wise government, the very moment that a political conspiracy has ceased to exist to blot out the memory of its existence by a wholesale amnesty. The Fenian movement, for we need scarcely say, a thing of the past, and the continued detention of the political prisoners only serves to keep alive the memory of that movement, and to prevent the formation of that cloud of oblivion in which prudent rulers desire to see unpleasant occurrences shrouded. The great Red conspiracy against the Third Napoleon extended into every part of France, included millions of his subjects, and was strong enough in the end to bring him to the earth. And yet that sagacious sovereign did not hesitate on more than one occasion to grant an absolute, untrammelled, unconditional amnesty to all political prisoners, a line of conduct which in the opinion of competent observers, certainly postponed, and, but for the great calamities of the war, would possibly have averted the Emperor's fall. In the same way the brightest page in the story of America is that in which it is recorded how twelve months after the conclusion of the most ensanguined civil war of the century there was not a single political prisoner in the wide dominion of the United States. The action of the English Government in retaining the prisoners is impolitic; it is also illogical and unjust. To have sternly refused all prayer for amnesty would have been a cruel, but it would have been a consistent course. But what is to be said of the Administration which, having pardoned the chiefs, refuses to pardon the rank and file? We have more than once exposed in these columns the thorough hollowness of the sophistries by which it is sought to distinguish between the men whose pardon has been granted and the men still incarcerated. We need not repeat these arguments again; suffice it to say, that the continued refusal of the Government to complete the work of amnesty is well-calculated to keep alive memories which, for her own sake, England ought to be willing to let die, to encourage the belief that in the punishment of these men vengeance has taken the place of justice, and to perpetuate a feeling of profound discontent in a country otherwise perfectly tranquil.—*Dublin Freeman.*

## Illness of the Bishop of Cloyne.

It is with the deepest sorrow we learn that the Most Rev. Dr. Keane is seriously ill. For a long time his lordship has been suffering acutely from a most painful affection of the palate, which has injuriously affected his general health; but the zeal and energy which have always been his characteristics, prevented his seeking the necessary repose from his episcopal labors, and it is to be feared the consequences may now be of a very lamentable character. We would fain hope that it might be otherwise, and that the diocese of Cloyne may yet be spared a bishop whose career has been illustrious even amid its long line of shining and patriotic prelates, and whose decease at present would be not only a diocesan but a national loss.







## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 20, 1873

## THE OUTLAW.

BY DENIS HOLLAND.

[The mistress of Donald O'Keefe celebrated "Rebel" and Bard, had agreed to betray him to the English soldiery, for a large sum of money. She was as beautiful as she was base. Whilst sitting with her, one day, in his favorite retreat by the Blackwater, O'Keefe chanced to snatch a folded parchment from her bosom, and on opening it, was horrified to perceive that it was an agreement to pay her the stipulated sum, on her lower being delivered into the hands of the English.]

Two evening—and the bright day God went slowly down to rest—  
To his bower of gorgeous clouds within the bosom of the west.

O'er Gail's head a tapestry of gold and purple hung,  
Beneath whose light the throned gay his notes of gladness sang.

Beside the Avon's gentle stream fair Margaret reclined  
On the playful breeze her long dark hair waved free and unconfin'd—  
From her lips words of melody poured forth in thrilling tone,  
Tho' the Clavichord of the gold string lay unheeded by her side.

That evening sky's soft light was like her lustrous eye's deep blue—  
Fair was her brow—her lips outshone the rose's greatest hue—  
Like snow-flake seemed her bosom, tho' with life's rich current warm;

But oh! how false the heart that dwelt within that beautiful form—  
Sudden she starts—with a crimson glow her peach-like cheek is flush'd—  
Her forest lay's wild note upon her parted lips is hush'd—  
A sound like to some wild bird's cry rings through the valley wide,  
And soon a youth of gallant mien is standing by her side.

Proud is his eye—his countenance long is dark as raven's plume—  
On his cheek the bronze of manhood strives with boyhood's gentle bloom;  
Pierce in the raid—firm in the fight—of Munster's Bards the Chief;  
Terror of Sassenagh, pride of Gael, was Donald O'Keefe.

"Light of my heart!" he cried, and prest her proffer'd lip, and drew  
His arm around her glowing neck—"Hither on wings I flew,  
That with thee and my faithful Harp I may forget awhile  
My country's fate, the foeman's rule, his cruelty and guile."

"Sweeping across his fruitful fields to waste with fire and sword,  
Or chased o'er woodland, hill and stream, by numbers overpowered;  
In dark defeat—in victory—in foray—or in fight—  
The treasured glance of those bright eyes is aye my beacon light."

"Within thy soft embrace I may my bitter thoughts beguile—  
For deep as I hate the Saxon foe I love thine own sweet smile—  
Thy cheek grows pale and cold! How now?—say, bright star of my soul,  
What hidest thou in thy bosom here?—mayhap some magic scroll."

"Or love lay—Ha!" the maiden screamed, with horror and amazement,  
That scroll he read—his strong frame shook and pallid was his gaze—  
"God! can it be?" he falt'ring cried—"or is't some wild dream?"—Sold!

By her that more than life I prize, for bloodstained Saxon gold!

"Oh, bend! on thy false heart how oft, from toil of battle's feins,  
Hath lain this head? Then thou wert loved and wooed—  
shipped as a saint—  
With such confiding trustfulness, had mortal breathed a word  
'Gainst thy fair name, his gore had dy'd O'Keefe's avenging sword."

"But now," he cried—sore gleamed his eye—"that idle dream is past,  
And thou on this bright vale, and stream, and hill hast gazed thy last!"

A loud cry from her blanch'd lips burst—the Outlaw's knees she prest—  
Bright flashed his skin in air, and then—'twas sheathed in her breast.

In crimson flood her life-blood gushed on the green sod beneath—  
One quiver faint—that beautiful form grew cold and stark in death.

Silent the Outlaw gazed awhile, like one in waking dream—  
Then slowly raised the corpse—one plunge—it sank beneath the stream.

Up to the eddying surface rushed the white foam from below—  
Again the waters hurried on, in calm and sullen flow—  
A silken scarf—a broken harp—a dark stain on the green—  
Marked the spot where so much life and beauty lately had been seen.

A Valuable Gold Ledge Discovered in San Bernardino.

Rich and therefore interesting discoveries in gold mining have been made in the county of San Bernardino, thirty-five miles north of the city of that name. Two men, Morrison and Cotter, in prospecting, struck a ledge of quartz in the Holcomb valley, high up in the mountains, and having ascertained that their discovery promised well, they came on to San Francisco and transferred their rights to Mr. S. Curtis and Mr. S. H. Baird. These gentlemen have visited the valley, and they report the ledge to be 4,500 feet in length, so far as they have traced it, 60 feet in width, and from 30 to 60 feet thick; 2,000 feet of the length crops out. A portion of the rock has been assayed in this city, and the analysis shows it falls below \$100. The mine presents no difficulties in working, plenty of wood and water being found in the vicinity. A company has been formed, under the title of the "B. V. Gold Mining Company," but it is not proposed to place the stock on the market. A quartz mill will be erected forthwith, the mill nearest the location being that which is reducing the ore of the Haley ledge. Mr. Baird was one of the first to mine in Washoe, in 1859, and he enjoys the distinction of having built the first house in Virginia City. This house is still in existence in front of the Central mine.

## The Conference.

The Home Rule Conference, sitting at the present writing in the Rotundo, may be really looked upon as a constituent assembly of the Irish Nation. Precluded as we are by a legislation unknown in any other civilized country from electing a body of delegates charged with deliberation on the public affairs of the nation, we can do no better than commit that important trust to the tried and proved representatives of Irish opinion, who have come forward in this hour of crisis to bear the brunt of responsibility and danger in the attempt—perhaps the last one that history will record—to make our rulers listen to reason and right. No members of that Peerage whom Thomas Davis so justly denounced as recreants to the cause of the country in which they have the greatest stake, are present at the proceedings of the Conference. But as the Chairman very judiciously remarked, in no moment of national crisis have the aristocracy, either of wealth or title, had the courage or the initiative to come forward in any country as the leaders of popular opinion. This defection does not frighten or discourage us in the least. Confident in the boldness and in the spirit of perseverance which animates the large section of the Irish people who have resolved to send this message of peace to English statesmen, we know that the banner of national right and of self-government will not be lowered until it can be no longer upheld with dignity. Timorous politicians and those wedded to system and prejudice, may affect to look upon the declarations of opinions made by influential members in the Conference in dissent from the project of a Federal Union as an evil augury. We do not hold that opinion. We hail them, on the contrary, as a proof—one more after many—that the speakers who, while declaring their readiness to follow the general movement, asserted the permanence of the conviction which they have held in the past, adopted those convictions after mature deliberation—hold them because they believe them sincerely—and only consent to shelve them temporarily because they know that division at this crisis would be national death. To proclaim our respect for the convictions, for the character, for the antecedents of Messrs. Martin, Smyth, and Ronyne, and other trusted leaders who think as they do, would be superfluous. But we go further; we accept frankly the aid of such men as the O'Connor Don, who, while declaring that they are not with the Home Rule movement in conviction, come boldly forward to say that they will sink all private opinion before the expressed will of Ireland. These gentlemen—those who think that simple Repeal would be the best motto to inscribe on the standard of constitutional agitation—do not believe that the present movement for Federalism can do any harm; they only doubt its prospects of success. And when they yield to the wishes of the mass of their countrymen, who desire to give the issue a fair trial, we hold that they act patriotically, ably, and that food for thought has been submitted to English Liberals which if they reject, they must forswear their title and stand before Europe as unmasked hypocrites.

We understand that it is in contemplation to introduce a resolution to the effect that, should the English nation reject the Federalist proposal, as they have for centuries spurned the pressed wishes of Ireland, the Irish members of Parliament who owe their seats to declaration in favor of Home Rule will be called on to leave the House of Commons in a body. The Hungarians tried it, and it bore good fruit; the Gallians threatened it, and measures of the utmost importance to the national life of Austria and Poland were the result. Of course this step should not be taken until after the coming of the new year, and an opportunity of returning Home Rule members for every county and borough in Ireland—and they are the immense majority—where the spirit of nationhood is a stir and powerful.

The proceedings of the Conference have been conducted in a spirit of concord and mutual concession, which, whatever may result from the movement, inspires us with fresh hope for the future of our country. Speaker after speaker rose to express his complete adherence to the grand old Roman maxim that the safety of the people is the supreme law. Clergymen of all the chief denominations in Ireland were present in the Rotundo to proclaim in the name of their flocks that they should be no longer divided on the question of human rights and brotherhood by the professions of different views or doctrines which have a common bond in the solemn injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." A significant demonstration of the new feeling which is arising— which has been growing for years in the Irish breast, we should rather say—was the enthusiastic reception accorded by the representatives of Irish opinion to the Rev. Mr. Nelson of Belfast. May the salutary words which fell from his lips sink deep into the hearts of his countrymen of Ulster, and sow there the seeds of concord with their brethren of the rest of Ireland, who have been so long yearning to give them the kiss of peace.

The chief danger for the successful process of the Home Rule movement lies in the traitors who may be expected to spring up in the wake of the current of popular opinion. At the next general election we are sure to have a large and able crop of political traders, who will be ready to adhere to any programme which affords a means of stepping into place. Let our readers take solemn warning, while it is yet time. No man should be intrusted with the sacred mission of carrying Ireland's Ultimatum to the English Parliament who has not proved himself in the past. There are plenty of such men. There is not a town or a county in Ireland which cannot produce scores of them, who, in one way or another, have approved themselves as devoted lovers of Ireland by sacrifices made in her cause. These are the men to elect; not talkers who follow in the trail of the movement when they see a likelihood of success; but who only give the Judas-kiss that they may pocket the shekels. No consideration, whether of social position, education, or political ability, should qualify a man as Representative of the people, unless he has proved by sacrifice that he is with the cause of the Nation.

Apart from possible prognostications of evil, however, there still remains the undeniable fact that the most trusted leaders of the people, and therefore, the people themselves, have adopted this movement for a Federal arrangement with England. Many of them have laid by, for the present at least, the cherished conviction of their lives, and some have espoused it, despite well-founded presentiments of its failure; but all unite in the determination to

give it an earnest, honest trial. So much unanimity at the outset in full of favorable augury for the future.

The most trusted representatives of Irish nationality having, therefore, committed themselves to this movement, the people owe to them to sustain and support their efforts. In many respects it differs from peaceful agitations of the past, and the difference is all in its favor. There is no danger that its trusted leaders—those who, by life-long labor, have proved the deep sincerity of their patriotism—will be brought up by the English Government. The inflexible honesty of Isaac Butt, John Martin, J. P. Ronyne, P. J. Smyth, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Mitchell Henry, Rev. Mr. Galbraith, and a host of other less prominent leaders of the movement, forbids the possibility of such an attempt being made; and above and before all there is at the back of this movement a force of popular might wherein shall lie its real strength.

So staid, once more, a peaceful agitation in Ireland—so is launched the good barge, "Self Government," and though the sea be troubled, though shoals, and quicksands lie in her course she is managed by stout hearts and ready hands, who, by steady watchfulness, shall avail of favoring gales, to wait her safely, all beautiful in her stately majesty, into the long-sought-for haven of success. It is a new departure, indeed—an experiment fraught with many difficulties and not a few dangers—and if we are only true to ourselves it must prove a bright herald of freedom—of long-lost, earnestly-sought-for freedom—of freedom to live in our country at peace, and to call back to our shores those unhappy children of our Mother Erin, who have been forced by misgovernment to fly her emerald shores—of freedom to live, love, and labor for our own. The struggle shall be a severe one, but God will defend the right—*Dublin Irishman.*

## The Useless Land Act.

There have been more outrageous cases of eviction in Ireland since the new Land Act was placed upon the statute book than were witnessed before Mr. Gladstone passed the measure, and sent it as a message of peace to the discontented Irish people. Formerly an exterminator used to shake in his shoes if he heard a word reproaching him with his harsh conduct, but now if he is charged with cruelty and injustice, he asks what harm has he done to incur censure, and says "his conduct is in accordance with the law."

That the Land Code has done no service to the tenant farmers of Ireland is now a matter of fact. It has given no protection whatever against capricious evictions. It has placed a penalty on arbitrary extermination, no doubt, but to say that the landlord suffers anything by that penalty is not quite correct, as what he is obliged to pay to the outgoing tenant will be paid back by the new tenant entering the farm. There is consequently, nothing in the Land Act to terrify the bad landlord from forcibly removing a good, improving tenant from his farm, and all the improvements made upon it, at a higher rent.

Very "wise" people assured the Irish farmers when the new law was passed, that they would be secure from injustice in the future. But a little time dispelled the illusion. When matters settled down, those who considered themselves safe from annoyance began to breathe more freely. But they were soon aroused from their slumbers. Some of the avaricious landlords commenced to test the potency of the new Land Code to protect the tenantry, and they had evictions carried out under its powers. They found that instead of shielding the farmers from wrong, it made evictions quite easy, and they merely laughed at the protection Mr. Gladstone's bill extends to the Irish tenants at will.

From that time till now evictions have been prosecuted with a vigor that showed that the tenantry were still without protection, and many an industrious family have been scattered and many a homestead levelled with the earth. Two notable cases have taken place within the last few days. The first to which we shall allude is that of a family named Dwyer, who rented a farm on the property of a man named George D. Stokes, in the county Kerry. At the trial of the case in the land court at Tralee, it was stated that only five acres of land were arable, the rest being land consisting of bog and waste covered with a crop of furze. The rent was twenty shillings an acre. For twenty years the Dwyers labored in reclaiming the bog waste, carrying clay in bags to it on some occasions, till at length they were able to raise crops of corn on some parts of it.

The landlord witnessed all this struggle of the tenants to improve the land, and he assured them that they were quite safe in acting as they did, as they might rest assured they would be permitted to enjoy the fruits of their labor. But some time since a change took place in his feelings, and the Dwyers received a notice to quit. They stated that he was enraged because they voted for the Home Rule candidate, Mr. Blennerhassett. But he this as it may, the landlord persisted in his determination to evict them. They offered him an increase in the rent, but he declared that he would not continue them as tenants on any terms, and so they were compelled to leave the farm, and seek some other place of rest, if they can find in this world after such treatment. It is not stated what compensation the poor people received; but what could compensate them for losing their improvements, which were made during the best twenty years of their lives?

The next case is one of which Mr. Nicholson of Beltrath, county Meath, came at the head of a large force of military and police to remove Mr. Peter Gilligan and his brother from their farm of 175 acres at Annagh, Clonard. A large assemblage of the people witnessed the expulsion of these respectable men. They owed no rent; at least, it was so stated; and before they were turned out the parish priest and others appealed to the landlord to permit them to remain in the house a few days till they would sell their furniture and cattle, but Mr. Nicholson peremptorily refused to grant the request. We will not trust ourselves to write on the subject, but we ask it is possible for peace to exist in a land where such deeds are permitted, or for men to be truly loyal when the law allows one man to treat another in such an outrageous manner?—*Dundalk Democrat.*

A story comes from India equalling in horror the most fearful fable of Grecian mythology. A woman of Gravepoint, having cut her infant stepson to pieces, roasted the remains and served them for her husband's supper. He discovered a finger in the dish, and delivered his wife to the custody of the police.

Lady Caroline Guest, of England, has an annual income from her coal mines in Wales amounting to \$1,500,000. There may be some heartless ones among her heirs who sing with the grave-digger in Hamlet, "To make a grave for such a guest were meet."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Empire Hotel,**  
311 and 313 PACIFIC STREET,  
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## ENGLISH vs. CHINESE CIVILIZATION.

## Temple Bar.

The Western traveller entering a Chinese city—and who that ever entered one will wish to do it again?—will probably see over the gates and under little pent-houses, to protect them from the weather and the carrion birds, the blackened heads of decapitated rebels. This is called pagan barbarism, and so it is. Yet it is little over a hundred years since our mother country—and we were part of it then—exhibited just such a sight.

Speaking of Temple Bar, a leading English journal says:—  
“In 1715 the remains of Joseph Sullivan ornamented the gateway, his crime being the enlistment of men in the service of the Young Pretender. Near them a year afterward, the head of Henry Oxburg was spiked on the reeking bar, presently to have a companion horror in the head of the misguided young templar, Christopher Sayer. This latter was placed there on the 18th of May, 1723, and there it remained blackened and weather-beaten till it seemed likely to be the ‘oldest inhabitant.’” I quote Mr. Noble, who quotes Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nichols: “Infancy had advanced into mature manhood,” writes the former, “and still the head repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch. It seemed part of the arch itself. Soon, however, it had two neighbors; the times were too much out of joint to let Temple Bar have only a single exhibition. For thirty years the head of Counsellor Sayer remained in its place. One stormy night it blew down into the street. Some authorities say that it was exhibited in a public house, and then buried beneath the floor of Mr. John Pearse, a lawyer who picked it up; but Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, bought it, as he believed, and ordered that it should be buried with him in his right hand at St. Giles’s Church, Oxford.”

“The heads of Townly and Fletcher, concerned in the rising of 1745, were spiked upon the bar in 1746, and remained there until 1772. These are the heads to which Horace Walpole referred when he wrote: ‘I have been this morning to the Tower (August 16, 1746), and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make trade of letting spy-glasses at a half-penny a look.’”

## Lord Byron and Lord Cadurcis.

The “Athenaeum” prints the following letter from Mr. Henry Bright, dated Liverpool:—The following autograph letter of Lord Byron has, so far as I know, never been published; and, whether published or not, has a curious literary interest attached to it. It was given to me some twenty years ago, and the friend from whom I received it believes that he bought it at a sale at Satchell’s in or about 1843. It is addressed to Sir Geoffrey Webster, Upper Brook street, London, Angleterre. — Inghilterra (on the side.) It bears the post marks of Pisa and Milano, and the broken seal shows the baron’s coronet and the horse supporters of the Byrons, but the coat of arms cannot properly be made out, and from what is left I do not detect the three bendlets. The letter is as follows:—Pisa, April 12, 1822. Dear W.,—Why don’t you take a turn in Italy? I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever say for fear of your island, or anything therein. They complain of my abusing England, my mother country—a step-dame I take it. I made out a list the other day of all the things and persons I have been compared to. It begins with Alcibiades, but it ends with the Swiss giantess or the Polish dwarf, I forget which. I have now to add another description, sermonized by Pearson Styles, depicting me as a denaturalized being, who, having drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human even in his frailties, but a cool, unfeeling fiend. That’s damnable cool, that’s flat, Pearson! Well, I hope that neighbor-loving divine’s holy rage will not put you in bodily fear of being canonized by such an “ogre” as the author of sundry blasphemous works should you cross the Alps. A fig for all their clamour—“Come one, come all”—we will fight it out. When I once take you in hand it will be difficult for me not “to make sport for the Philistines.” Now we look upon ourselves as something, eh! fellows with some pith in them. By Jove, if we only joined together, how we could lay it on! Crack, crack, crack! I think I see them wincing under the thong—the pompous poltroons! If you knew how they behaved to me!” A few sentences more, and Cadurcis continues, “I made out a list the other day of all the persons and things I have been compared to. It begins with Alcibiades, but it ends with the Swiss giantess or the Polish dwarf, I forget which. Again, in Chapter VIII. of the same book, Cadurcis says, ‘and then they complain of my abusing England, my mother country—a step-dame I take it.’ It is then apparent either that Mr. Disraeli made use of this letter, published or not, in writing the character of Lord Cadurcis, or else that this is one of the curious Byron forgeries of George Gordon, which attracted such attention in 1852. It illustrates either Mr. Disraeli’s mode of workmanship, or that of the clever forger. Certainly, the letter reads like a genuine letter of Lord Byron. The water-mark on the paper is the crown with “Heur de lis,” a sort of knot underneath, and the initials W. S. interlaced together. I should add that the donor of this letter does not seem certain as to the date at which he got it; but if his impression is correct, it of course bears out the view that it is an undoubted autograph.”

The British do not seem to practice in India the quality which they think that Americans are too slow in according to the colored man. On a railroad in the Bombay Presidency, Dr. Pandurang and S. B. Thakore, two educated native gentlemen, entered a first-class car with the Doctor’s two sisters. An English officer came up, also accompanied by two ladies, and ordered the natives to get out. Dr. Pandurang and his sisters got out, but Thakore remained and defied the threats of the officer and of the Police Superintendent and station-master who were called upon to eject him.

## Superstitions of Enlightened (?) England.

An English journal recently contained an article on the curious superstitions which still obtain belief among the ignorant. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, and a rusty old sword hung up by the bed-side, are, in some districts, charms against the cramp; headache is removed by the halter that has hung a criminal, and also by a snuff made from moss that has grown on a human skull in a graveyard. A dead man’s hand, and especially the hand of a man who has been out down while hanging, dispels tumors. Warts may be removed by rubbing them with a bit of stolen beef; the chips of a gallows, worn in a little bag round the neck, will cure the ague; a stone, with a hole in it, suspended at the bed’s head, will prevent nightmare. Many verses are known, which, if repeated aloud, are credited with curing cramp, burns, and other bodily troubles. When you have the whooping cough, apply for a remedy to the first person you meet with riding on a piebald horse. Amulets, hung in a little bag around the neck, are very widely credited with the power of warding off disease; the list of such substances is an ample one, but need not be given here. The anodyne necklace, which was a profitable affair for one Dr. Turner in the early part of the present century, consisted of beads made of the white bryony root; it was believed to assist in cutting the teeth of infants around whose neck it was hung.

There are also many curious superstitions connected with bees. Much modern folk-lore of bees may be picked up by anyone who converses with the peasantry in almost any part of England. From some reason or other bees are looked upon as peculiarly “uncanny” creatures. Thus, we were told in Lincolnshire that bees would desert a hive on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocked at their hive and told them of it. The same superstitions we find to prevail in Essex and even Cornwall. Similarly, the belief that after a death hives ought to be wrapped in crape or mourning of some kind is current in Lincolnshire and East Anglia generally. It is even found in Lithuania, and is probably connected with an ancient idea that honey was a symbol of death. In Yorkshire, there is a custom of inviting bees to the funeral. If a wild or bumble bee enters a Northampton cottage, it is certain sign of death; if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or the dead branch of a living one, there will be a death in the family within the year.

It is curious why the bee should in Europe be so connected with death, whereas in Hindoo mythology the bowstring of Kama, the Hindu Cupid, is formed of bees, perhaps as a symbol of love strong as death. It is also interesting, noting one or two more bee superstitions. They will never thrive it is said, in a quarrelsome family, nor when they have been stolen. There can be no greater piece of ill luck than to purchase a swarm; it must always be given, and then the custom is to return something for it in kind—a small pig, say, or some other equivalent. Money should be avoided in the transaction as much as possible. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees are idle or unfortunate in their work whenever there are wars. At the risk of being esteemed credulous, we may remark that the martial year (1870) was an unlucky honey year. East winds and drought seemed in that year to have repressed the secretion of honey in the nectaries of many flowers.

## A Painter’s Vengeance.

In the Princess Lichenstein’s late work, “Hail and Goodnight,” a curious anecdote is told of one Hogarth’s pictures. A nobleman refused to pay for a portrait he had ordered, and the artist being in want of money, informed him that if he did not do so in three days he would add to it a tail and other appendages, and sell it to Mr. Hore, the famous wild beast exhibitor. A similar threat was executed, sixty years ago, by a painter named Ben. Beal, who, being engaged to paint a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hope, showed it in Pall Mall as Beauty and the Beast, which so enraged the lady’s brother that he cut it in pieces. The case was tried before Lord Ellenborough, who decided that the picture being a libel, the plaintiff could only recover for the loss of the paint and the canvass. Something of this kind is related by Senor Castelar in “Old Rome and New Italy.” Boggio, Master of the Ceremonies to Paul III., offended Michael Angelo by imploring him to drape his figures. As a punishment for his want of taste, the artist painted him with the ears of an ass in the depths of hell. The Master of the Ceremonies ran to complain to Paul III., of the insult put on his respectable person. “I beseech your Holiness to take me that at that,” he cried. “But what has he placed there?” demanded the Pontiff. “In hell, your Holiness, in hell!” replied Biagio, sobbing. “If thou hadst been in purgatory,” said the Pope, “I would have removed thee; but I have no authority whatever in hell.”

## The Battle of the Bullfrogs.

Many of the citizens of Vermont will remember to have seen on one dollar bills of the Windham County State Bank a vignette representing bullfrogs fighting. This was engraved to commemorate the Battle of the Bullfrogs. The scene was as follows:—Near the town of Windham was a newly settled, there came a very dry season. There are two large ponds in Windham, separated by an intervening strip of land of considerable extent. Each of these ponds was inhabited by a large community of the reptiles above named. The smaller pond dried up, and its inhabitants started in a body for the lower and larger pond. They were met in the intervening space by the community from the larger pond, and a fierce and long-continued battle ensued between the rival communities. Such was the hideous belching of the frogs during their fierce encounter that it alarmed the inhabitants, who at first supposed it to be the whoop of the hostile savages. But, curiosity getting the better of their fears, they cautiously proceeded to the spot whence the hideous sound issued and there beheld the strange spectacle of two immense armies of bullfrogs, covering many acres of ground, engaged in a fierce and deadly battle. This battle, continued more than twenty-four hours, and when it was over the ground was literally covered with the slain, and it became necessary to avoid the noxious effluvia, to gather and bury them.—Boston Transcript.

M. Rubellia, an artist, recently dined alone in one of the principal restaurants of Paris, at a table on which had been placed covers for thirteen persons. He is the only survivor of a party of thirteen literary men and artists who arranged twenty years ago that the surviving members should dine once a year, and that the places of the dead should be conspicuously vacant. Among the members were Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier and Count de Flehac.

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MILLINERY BUSINESS.—Handsome store; one of the best stands in the city; first class trade; a bargain. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

LIVERY STABLE BUSINESS.—Partner wanted in one of the largest and most profitable Livery, Saddle and Feed Stables in the city; known to keep the finest stock, the most magnificent carriages, horses, and turn-outs. Apply at once to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

\$3,000. BREWERY FOR SALE.—Half interest in a well established business; wants a steady man who will make himself useful. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

CARRIAGE AND WAGON BUILDING.—An interest low. Call and make an offer to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

CELLAR BILLIARD SALOON.—Good location. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

DRESSMAKING.—For sale.—Handsome store; lots of steady work; sell at a great bargain; owner going East. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

160 ACRES OF LAND for sale in Contra Costa county, two miles from the town of Clayton; well watered; small house and barn; partly fenced; title U. S. patent price \$2,000. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

WOOD AND COAL YARD.—\$355.—Half interest in a well established business; wants a steady man who will make himself useful. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

COUNTRY GROCERY.—Old established; cheap; must be sold. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

\$500. LIQUOR SALOON for sale. First-class stand on the city street; handsomely fitted up; good stock, shipping and saloon trade. For a bargain, apply this day to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

BRANCH BAKERY.—Good stand and trade; a bargain. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

\$9,500. TO CAPITALISTS.—Valuable leasehold property for sale; route in six years clear \$15,000; buildings at low valuation, to be removed, worth \$5,950, leaving a clear profit of \$12,050 in six years.—Terms liberal. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

\$11,000. FOR SALE.—A substantial country store and general business; a choice stock of goods; a popular country town near this city; doing an extensive wholesale and retail trade. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

NEW AND SECOND HAND FURNITURE Store for sale.—A great bargain. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE.—First-class stand; store handsomely fitted up; reliable, steady trade; sales from \$14 to \$20 per day; a rare bargain. Apply at once to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

DRUG STORE.—First class business corner; reliable trade. See J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

BOOT BLACKING.—Good stand and first class trade. Apply to J. D. CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.



